

Dragon Boy

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Summary: AU. Raised by dragons since he was an infant, Hiccup and his dragon caretaker, Toothless the Night Fury, was banned from the Dragon's Den. They settled in the deep parts of Berk's forest and started their new adventure there. ON HIATUS

Dragon Boy

Chapter One:

"There has been rumors going around the many ports of viking villages. Of a strange boy who rides on the demon beasts known as dragons. The boy doesn't speak, he stares in silence. The rumors say that the boy was raised by dragons.

He thinks like them, talks like them, and eats like them. They say he holds scars and scratches from being around the mighty beasts. He lives with them and knows their ways. They say only he knows where the true Dragon's Nest is. But no one dares to go near the boy, for living with dragons...has made him half-dragon!"

A thud on the table was heard and Stoick sent Gobber an annoyed glare. "Enough with the stories, Gobber. Everyone knows they are not true."

"Well, that's what you think!" Gobber argued.

"Come off it. A boy who is half-dragon?" Stoick argued back, picking up his mug again for another drink.

"Okay, that might sound a bit off but it's what I heard from the others at the fishing docks!" Gobber said.

"It's all nonsense. There's no such thing as a boy who was raised by dragons. If a dragon ever got close to a child, it would kill it. I would know." Stoick said, silently ending his sentence.

The chief leader of Berk gave his close friend one last glare before getting up and walking away. Gobber watched with a small sigh, knowing how his friend never got over his endless grudge with dragons. If any viking had a grudge against dragons, it was Stoick the Vast. He had a good reason for it, but everyone knew it was unwise to speak about it.

As Stoick left, the other vikings of the table asked Gobber to tell more tales of the mysterious boy. Not too far down from the long table were the young vikings. The next generation of vikings. The twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, the boy with extreme knowledge of dragons, Fishlegs, the second top viking, Snotlout and the first top viking, Astrid.

"Do you guys think the rumors are true?" Fishlegs asked as he downed his bowl of stew.

"I don't think so, but it sounds kind of cool." Snotlout said. He gave Astrid a flirtatious grin, but the viking girl ignored him.

"Sounds weird if you ask me. But being half-dragon must be cool. Get to breathe fire and have sharp claws." Tuffnut said with a vicious smile.

"Your bad breath is enough to send any dragon away." Ruffnut said, smirking at her twin brother.

"Hey! My breath is not as bad as yours!" Tuffnut said, glaring at his twin sister. Ruffnut just pushed him, making him fall off his seat. The boy twin proceeded to tackle his twin sister to the ground and two began their usual wrestling.

"What about you, Astrid?" Fishlegs asked, moving away from the fighting twins. Astrid lifted her head up and gave Fishlegs a scowl.

"I don't believe in anything Gobber says, to be honest. He still thinks trolls are real. He's just a crazy old viking." Astrid says.

"Sheesh Astrid," Ruffnut says as she picks herself up from the ground, "Where's your sense of imagination? I mean, the rumors could be true."

"Well, I don't believe in them." Astrid said.

"Hey, if Astrid doesn't think they're real, then I don't think they're real either." Snotlout said. He gave Astrid a wink. "Don't worry, I got your back, babe."

Astrid rolled her eyes and got up from the table, walking away. Snotlout frowned as she walked away and glared when Tuffnut chuckled at him. "You're such a suck-up. When are you gonna give up? Astrid doesn't like you." Tuffnut said. Snotlout felt himself turn red with anger and tackled Tuffnut to the ground, the two fighting. Ruffnut laughed as Fishlegs tried to eat in peace.

Meanwhile, Astrid made her way outside from the Great Hall and looked

up at the night sky. She didn't believe in silly rumors, especially about ones about a boy raised by dragons. In just about a week, she and the others will start dragon-training soon. Soon, the rest of the village will see her potential to be the next greatest viking. Nothing will change that.

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><p>A young boy in tattered clothing as his only protection watched the stars of the night sky. His long dirty hair covered most of his eyes but the wind was gently blowing it out of his way. He sat with his knees close to him, waiting. His skin was dirty and covered with scratches. He sniffled and wiped his nose with his arm. On the island where the dragons had made their home, the boy was waiting outside one of the many cliffs.</p>

The dragons inside were having a meeting. He knew it was about him. The boy knew he wasn't like the other dragons. In fact, he's not even a dragon at all. The dragon that took him in, the one called Night Fury, was the only one who treated him like his own. He cared for the boy since he was young. The boy could hear the snarls and hisses of the dragons.

For years, the Night Fury and the other dragons had to keep him secret from their mighty queen. The Night Fury explained to the boy that if the queen knew he was living on their island, he would have been eaten up by her. The boy saw the mighty queen dragon once and was scared to see such a large beast, able to devour other dragons in a single bite. But he was able to live with the other dragons peacefully.

Or so he thought. The Night Fury came out to the cliff, huffing behind him. He looked over to the boy and laid low, nudging his head.

"Get on." The Night Fury growled, speaking the language only dragons can understand.

The boy slowly got on his feet and walked towards the Night Fury. He climbed on his back and held on tight. The Night Fury opened his large black wings and took flight.

The boy held on as the two flew off. He laid low and talked into the dragon's ear. "Where are we going?" He asked.

The Night Fury was silent at first but then answered the boy's question. "We are off to find a new home. We no longer have to stay with the others in that nest. I can make us a new nest and we will both live in it together."

The boy laid his head on the dragon's, quiet and thinking it over. He turned his head and spoke to the dragon again. "But where will we go?"

The Night Fury purred, wanting to keep his young one calm. "Do not worry. I will find us a good home where I can hunt and get us food, and you will be safe." The boy purred back and rested his head again. The Night Fury flew in silence as it should into the dark sky.

Soon, he found a forest and landed in the deep parts of it. The Night

Fury found the perfect place where the two can live in peace and made them a decent home, a cave just for him and his young one. Little did the Night Fury know though that they found their new home on the island of Berk.

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